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DATE 07-23-2009 BY 65179DMH/MJS

Mr. Interrogator

1. On Friday afternoon 05/28/2003, Officer [ ] contacted me via [ ] and based on the interrogation authority, he requested my presence to the Airport. I have arrived to the check point at 4:00 pm with my brother in law [ ]. After a half an hour, [ ] arrived and accompanied me to the inside of the camp, and then he brought me to here. He asked me if I can legally defend myself, and I said yes, because I was sure that I have not committed a mistake in my life. b6 per CIC b7C per CIC

2. At 6:00 pm, [ ] and I entered this camp and we were received by Staff Sergeant [ ] then [ ] recommended me to him and gave number [ ] and he placed it on my hand. After that I was taken to the doctor and the interpreter was Mr. [ ] the former Iraqi Health Minister. The Dr. diagnosed and confirmed that I have Diabetes, blood pressure, kidney stone, and an increase in the blood hemoglobin. He gave me medicine and I was placed in a hall with Lt. General [ ] and Lt. General [ ] and [ ] and others. After two days I was transferred to another hall for sick people and in that hall there were [ ] Dr. [ ] and [ ] and all of them are from the intelligence service, and others like LT. General [ ]. At the end of first week of June, I was taken for interrogation and it was held in tents. A young tall thin interrogator showed up, his face was long and had not grown any moustache yet, he was about 27 years old, and there was an interpreter there, I can describe him as average height, light brown, wide eyes short hair like soldiers' hair, and shaved moustache. The interrogator said to me "forget the two months, the fourth (April) and the fifth (May) that you were with us and tell us what is the relationship between the intelligence and the international terrorism against America and the role of the intelligence in hiding WMD and you have a role in that" I told him that in my line of work since I was appointed in the intelligence in 1982 until now I did not deal directly or indirectly with WMD or international terrorism. From 1982 until 1991, I worked in M-4 in the European theater in gathering information and I worked as diplomat in Austria. Since 1991 until 1996 I worked in M-1 in the office of the director of the intelligence As a mailman, receptionist, receiver of staff complaint, and in charge of the preparation of places for conferences and guests. In 1997, I worked for six months in interrogation, and in 1998 and 1999 I worked in the intelligence in Basara fighting Iranian intelligence. In 2000 and 2001 I worked in the research center. In 2002 and 2003 I worked as a Director of M-14 in charge of training the new intelligence officers, or officer who work outside Iraq, fighting the Iranian terrorism, and protecting embassies and plans when they face terrorist actions. b6 per CIC b7C per CIC

I was truthful with you and he replied "I know how to make you talk", then his friend who was older than him came (about 35 years), tall and huge, white, round face, blue eyes, shaved moustache, and he repeated the same threat and they took me to the sick ward.

3. On Friday the first half of June 2003 and after the lights were off, and after the sleep of most of the detainees, the hall door was opened, and the guard woke me up and asked me

to go to the administration room. There, I saw six armed persons wearing military uniforms and accompanied by the camp administration and they asked me to lay on the ground. After that, they tied my hands to the back with Plastic ribbon, and my feet as well, and they put a bag over my head, then they carried me and put me in the back of a double scotion pickup that I've seen parked in that location before they put the bag over my head and it went. Through out the way, the soldiers started kicking my head and all over my body with their feet, and one of them sat on my back and I heard the loading of the pistol near my ears and he pressed the pistol against my head and said "we are going to kill you" and he started holding my head with his other hand and hit my head on the car. I felt the blood reaching my mouth, and had heavy breathing. After fifteen minutes, the pickup stopped, they carried me and threw me hard to the ground. Few minutes later I heard the voice of the young tall interrogator and the same Iraqi interpreter, He said "are you going to talk?" I replied "I do not have anything new" He said "I will make your life like hell", after that they dragged me for ten meters then untied my feet and asked me to stand. They removed the bag from my head and I found myself in a room without furniture and two soldiers in front of me. One was carrying a wooden stick in his hand, and he was average in height, green eyes, and chestnut hair. They brought an iron box with a projector and they put it 3 or 2 centimeters of my face, and it was emitting intense heat and light for more than three hours, and every time I put my head away from the light I was struck with the stick or kicked with the shoes. The blood was running on my face and they poured very cold water over my head. They put a cloth band aid over my wound, then they asked me to half sit and that was hard on me because my weight was 345 pounds, and that caused me to fall on the ground and my hands were still tightly tied behind my back. They started hitting me until it gets difficult to stand up. It continued like this for several hours. After that they left me standing for an hour. I requested water, they said "open your mouth" I opened my mouth and poured the water over my chest and my back and no water entered my mouth. After that they ordered me to lay down on the ground on my back and lift my leg as the soldier demonstrated it to me, and I did.

My leg was tired, and it fell on the ground. They started violently hitting me with the stick on the back of my foot. This continued for more than two hours and after that they ordered me to stand and they brought the projector back and this continued until the second day. I was falling down on the ground, because I was tired. When I requested water, they told me to open my mouth and they poured water over my head or my back and few drops fell in my mouth. Then, the young tall interrogator came by himself without an interpreter and told me "Do you speak English?" I said "no, only simple words". He gave me one cup of water and I wanted more but he did not give me more and he said when we reach an understanding, we will transfer you to a place where you can sleep and eat, and he started asking the same questions. I gave him the same answers and he resumed more intense torture program. They gave me a cup of water every three hours or more, sometimes they give me a piece of crackers. In the following day the other interrogator came without an interpreter and he wanted to know about the weapons of the embassies and the role of M-14 in that. I reached a complete desperation from life because of the intensity of the torture and exhaustion.

I started talking about weapons as he was asking. He asked leading questions and I changed them to answers and add a little to them. He gave me a bottle of water and it was so important to me, and I felt like I owned the whole world. After that, the other interrogator came and started a conversation about the inspectors surveillance and I had a good imagination, then we talked about al-Qaeda, and I said "in my life, I never had been exposed any information related to al-Qaeda, except the meeting of 1993 of M-4 with Egyptian Opposition Group in Sudan, and I said to [redacted] group in April and May that the Director of the Intelligence, his assistant, and [redacted] can prove that, and I explained that if there was a file related to al-Qaeda where and how they can find it. Days and nights go by, the torture was repeated, and I don't know until I fell on the ground, and one of the soldiers hit me hard with his shoes on the left side of my chest, and I passed out.

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When I gained conscious, there was a doctor in the same room putting his stethoscope on my chest and measuring the blood-pressure, and there was a blood mark on my chest due to the hits, I was left sitting for two hours, and I tried to sleep, but they put a stereo with loud sound near me. After that, they asked me to stand for two-three hours, and I was sitting or sleeping for an hour with continuation of a cup of water and a piece of cracker.

The young interrogator had come, then he was followed by the huge interrogator, and they said "You would die here and forget about your children or you talk about only two subjects (Iraq's relationship with al-Qaeda) and (the Role of IIS in the concealment of WMD), and two interrogators will come to you to obtain information about Iraq's agents in the U.S, and the officers who were secretly sent outside Iraq". I said that I had given all these information in April, and they said that there is a list of five or six names, some of them in Dubai and other countries that you forgot to mention and you must provide the list, and I said "are you sure of that?", and they said "yes", then they said a third person is going to meet with you and ask you about terrorism and WMD, and be informed me that your file is with us, and we will decide your fate.

It was for nine days and I couldn't remember the details of it, because of the intensity of exhaustion, then I was transferred to a different room, and they untied my hand which was tied to my back, and that was the fourth time they untie my hand, and they took off my blindfold, and I saw a group of detainees in the same room with their faces facing the wall. There were old civilian people, and one of them took a picture of me and asked me about the blood I had on my face, and they told him that I'm a terrorist and I complaint to him about the torture.

After that, they sent me back to the room and blindfolded my eyes, and one of them hit the my forehead against the wall, and hit the back of my head towards the wall, and as a result there was a wound and I was bleeding, and they put an ice on the wound, and they covered it with a cloth band aid. Two or three days later, I was released from that place and I found myself in this camp, and before dawn time, the guard took me to the bathroom and I took a shower.

In the morning, I was brought to the administrative official Mr. [ ] and he used a camera to photo all the marks of torture on my head, face, chest, and the handcuff marks to my wrist which was a deep cut. The Doctor [ ] and the nurse come and checked me up, and on the following day he sent me to the hospital in this area, and they took x-rays to my chest, and there were three ribs fractured, and they took MRI to my little and thumb finger nerves, because the wound had reached the nerve.

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[ ] started the treatment stage to me and the rest of my comrades in the Hall, and I started getting information from [ ] about other sources of Intelligence in America, and from Dr. [ ] about different things, because he was the Director of al-Ghafi Project. Three days later, the interrogation has started, and two people have showed up and I gave them what they asked for of information of exaggeration and lie. Then, an old officer with a beard, and blonde hair had came, and he witnessed the marks of torture and he said that he had fractured ribs because he was a mountain climber and he is an officer in the Special Forces. He indicated that he know what happened to me and started to talk about terrorism, explosives, and al-Qaeda. I was answering the questions, and sometimes I add to them from the information I obtained from Dr. [ ]

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b7C per CIC

On the following day, the young tall interrogator who was in charge of the torture came to the interrogation tent and said "we knew that you started to cooperate and you must continue, and your fate is decided based on the information of WMD and terrorism". Every interrogator comes and repeats the same promise, months passed, and I started to forget what I said of lies, because lies don't stay in the memory, because they have no basis, and I lost my psychological and mental balance, and I couldn't continue lying, because I was faced with a skillful interrogator who doesn't buy lies, and if the other interrogators were very careful, they would have discovered the lies.

During April and May, I was accounting on a good future for me, my six children, my wife, my handicapped father, my sick mother, five brothers, and seven sisters to live in an agricultural land together in one house, and after being free of fear, surveillance, and despotism of the former regime.

I was dreaming of a productive relationship with America (the most powerful nation of the world), but a small gang had spoiled that relationship, because they wanted to harm me through indirect motives by the leaders of the opposition.

Is it acceptable to have a prison of war kidnapped from the prison cage where he was under the protection of the American flag and be tortured this way? It is an insult not to me but to every honest American.

I challenge every person to deny the truthfulness of the relationship with you in April and May. I did not raise any arm, instigate, or talk to anyone to resist you, because I know that the future is with you.

I have not committed at all a crime against humanity. I forgot to say one more thing, some of the interrogators were saying that they would hand me to the new government so that they cut my sexual organs, and most of them were seeing the marks of torture. When I started complaining, they asked me to be quiet. I was placed in a solitary confinement from August until November, I didn't see or talk to anybody, and I did not receive any letters.

Truth had brought me torture, and they asked me to lie, and I did, and both, truth and lies had led me to this situation. I'm in a bitter struggle inside myself, and I see humanitarian treatment from the soldiers, medical staff, and some of the interrogators expressing what we have already heard about the America's justice.

When I recall what happened to me, I get convinced that what had happened was through a personal plot, and I have granted my destiny to almighty God, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, my God and their God, and he's the well trustworthy and the most Gracious and Merciful.

During April and May 2003, the meetings with [redacted] at the airport and in our houses in Baghdad were mostly without an interpreter, and it was complicating the subject.

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During my recent visit to the airport, I was placed in a room for four days with a good service for security reasons regarding the camp, and we also talked about the methods to gain information about the WMD and terrorism.

I was saying and suggesting truthful opinions based on the mutual trust, and after that I returned home and the work continued on information and follow-up until 05/28/2003. The information you found to be true which was outside my specialty, that I have obtained through the nature of my work with the mail, being close to the Director of the IIS for six years, personal relationships with the IIS, and my good intention service. As for the information related to the WMD and terrorism were given to during the interrogation and torture.

I have reached the level where I can't add a single character, because I'm psychologically tired and sick, and I don't know my fate, and the gang might come back again, and I live in a wheel of worries, but I have a good faith in almighty God that it will be clear to the American government what had happened to me, and it will be fair to me and my family, and return me to them, and trust starts growing back once again in a future filled with security and ambition.

Nothing happens without the will of God who ordered us to say "say that you trust in God and what has been revealed to us, Abraham, Ishmael, Isaiah, Jacob, and what was revealed to Moses and Jesus, and we're accepting that.

Signature  
Prisoner of War No [redacted]

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Date: 07/29/2004

Note: on 06/25/2003, I received a letter from Col. [REDACTED] from the American army in the Legal Office of Defense about a court session to determine my status, whether I'm a war prisoner or a civilian detainee. I sent him a letter on the same date requesting him to review my health file and what had happened to me, and during the court session he said "this is your health file and I have known your condition".

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